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THE STOCK EXCHANGE LUNCHEON BAR.
WHERE IS IT?
S. LAWTON, PROPRIETOR.

Vol. II. No. 65.

FEB. 9, 1877.

CITY JACKDAW

THE STOCK EXCHANGE LUNCHEON BAR.
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Rounds, Ribs, and Sirloins	9½d.	Legs and Loins	9½d.
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57, Cross Street, near Albert Square; 2, Alexandra Road, Moss Side; 17, Bank Parade, Salford; 296, Regent Road, Salford; 42, Newport Street, Bolton; and Rock Street, corner of Eden St., Bury, will be opened on 17th inst.

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LAST WEEK!

THOMPSON'S SALE

HOSIER AND GLOVER, 15, ST. ANN'S STREET.

Removing to No. 5, four doors nearer Deansgate.

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. II.—No. 65. MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1877. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

E. Jamieson & Co., Fashionable Tailors, Clearance Sale { Preparatory to Removing to their New Premises, } Genuine Reduction. 275, Chapel St., Salford.
301 and 303, CHAPEL STREET.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

MR. CHARLEY, M.P., it may not be generally known, is a great authority in the musical world, as is shown by one of his latest utterances:—

"Mr. Gladstone called upon them to admire a Power whose hand was still red with the blood of the Poles, the Circassians, and the Turcomans, and if they did not bow down before this golden image at the sound of the cornet of Mr. John Bright, the flute of the editor of the *Daily News*, the sackbut of Mr. Freeman, the psaltery of Mr. Lowe, and the dulcimer of Mr. Gladstone, they were to be bound hand and foot and cast into the burning fiery furnace of popular indignation."

Mr. Charley says nothing about the instrument he usually performs upon himself when he is minding the cows at Aylesbury, in the recess—the tin whistle!

THE Watch Committee will doubtless pay attention to the following present of a coroner's jury:—

"That the Watch Committee recommend the propriety of paying the wages of the police, or making them some allowance, during illness, or not stopping it at the end of three weeks, as is stated to be the recent practice."

The inquest was on the body of a policeman who had died, according to evidence, through going on duty when in an unfit state. The poor fellow had been ill for three weeks, and at the end of that time became restless, saying that his pay would be stopped. The story is one of a common sort, but touching enough. The man went to work with the following result, according to the evidence of a brother officer:—

"Sunday was his 'day off,' and he went to bed about four o'clock. Witness went to wake him up at half-past five o'clock, and then found that he was dead."

Dickinson, that was his name, had been in the force six years, and the doctor had advised him not to go to work just then. Death resulted, so said the doctor, from over-exertion. It seems that formerly the rule was that policemen drew their pay during sickness, but that the time had recently been restricted to three weeks. This may be long enough time for an average illness, but surely special allowance should be made for special cases. We are quite sure that the members of the Watch Committee are kindly gentlemen, and that this painful occurrence took place through no special fault of theirs; still the case is a sad one, and steps should be taken to obviate the occurrence of similar cases. The matter may, we think, be left to the committee. In the meantime, the case of Mrs. Dickinson is commended to the notice of the charitable.

A JOURNAL like the *Jackdaw*, which pursues its unostentatious course of providing hebdomadal humour and satire, never having any need or desire to tread on anybody's corns, and at all times striving to be pleasant to everybody, is happily exempt from the risks which are run by its daily contemporaries, who report the meetings of local boards, and chronicle the eccentricities of local celebrities. "It is sweet," says the Latin poet and philosopher, "to contemplate, oneself in a place of safety, the perils of others who are less fortunate;" but it is not under the influence of the Lucretian philosophy that the *Jackdaw* expresses its sympathy for the *Manchester Courier*. The case of the *Courier* is seriously a very hard one. The proprietors have been condemned on final appeal to pay forty shillings and costs for reporting the extraordinary vagaries of the Knutsford Guardians and their late doctor, Mr. Purcell. The report was a correct one, and was written in all good faith. If we remember rightly, the *Jackdaw*, in discharge of a public duty, was obliged more than once to refer to the same people in terms the reverse of complimentary. We believe that the paragraphs concerning what was known as the Knutsford scandal were published in Chinese newspapers. One of the guardians once said so. Well, the *Courier* has been mulcted because the publication of Knutsford scandal business was not "privileged," and the *Jackdaw* says it is very hard lines. If new characters could be purchased for forty shillings, Dr. Purcell would now have the opportunity of purchasing one at the expense of a Conservative newspaper, but, as it happens, Dr. Purcell has an excellent character already, so he will have to seek some other use for his forty shillings.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Examiner* falls foul of the School Board, and says that the education afforded is too good for his boy, who attends one of the schools. He says that this youth is expected to trace the pedigree of Queen Victoria to Alfred the Great, and to know all about the fall of Ai, and about Adoni Bezek or Zedek, who cut off the thumbs and toes from a number of captive kings, and kept them (the kings) under his table. He states that this reminds him of the Bulgarian atrocities, and he fears his little boy will grow up into a Bashi-Bazouk. We do not, however, see why a child should not read these interesting stories so long as other studies are not neglected. It may be useful some day to know all about Adoni Bezek, and children as a rule do not sufficiently take to heart their school reading to put the examples set before them into practice in after life.

A VERY good suggestion anent post-office orders comes from a newspaper correspondent, It is complained, and justly, that the present system of issuing these is exceedingly cumbrous and inconvenient. It is not uncommon to find at the counter of the general post-office twenty or more persons waiting to get orders with two clerks to attend to them, which state of things means for the twentieth person a delay of forty or fifty minutes. Now, the suggestion—a bold one, we admit—is that the public should be authorised to make out their own orders on duplicate forms, which could be supplied as are telegraph forms, and the only further ceremony needed would then be the payment of the money and the affixing of the official stamp. The plan seems simple and practical, though there may be hidden difficulties in the way which the official eye might note. Its adoption, however, if practicable, would immensely simplify the expedition of public business.

THE *Jackdaw* is glad to notice that Mr. John Rouse, at the Prince's, has now been supplied with some comic singing of a sort. Almost any kinds of songs are better than the flash music-hall ditties which are too frequently introduced into modern pantomimes. This element has given way considerably at the Prince's lately, whether in defence to episcopal utterances we do not know. How is it that modern stage songs no longer affect the merit of those of our youth—the "Ratcatcher's Daughter," "Villikins and his Dinah," etc., to wit? The Royal pantomime last year had a fair specimen of a comic song in the "Doleful Tale of Dido," and this year there are here and there in "Robinson Crusoe" funny verses—but where, oh, where are the songs of our youth? The art of writing comic songs is lost.

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN, by aid of NITROUS OXIDE or LAUGHING GAS, warranted perfectly harmless, by S. J. JORDAIN, Dentist, 53, Piccadilly (opposite the Infirmary). Established twenty-five years.

THE BISHOP AS STAGE REFORMER.

CURIOSITY, if no other motive had possessed us, would have prompted a visit to the two principal theatres on Friday morning last, for we must own to sharing the frailty of our neighbours, and the spectacle of a real live Bishop on the stage of a theatre is one which, as Dr. Fraser reminded his audience, has never before been presented in the history of the Church of Christ. The Bishop's exact words were: "I fancy I must be the first Bishop of the Church of England, if I am not the first Bishop of the Church of Christ, who has ever addressed a congregation in a theatre." There is a great deal in this, even apart from the novelty of the circumstance; but the speaker may be congratulated on more legitimate grounds, for we know of few, if any, living speakers who, in the space of two hours, could have delivered two consecutive addresses embodying precisely the same sentiments in such a way as to secure two distinct newspaper reports readable and lengthy. We scarcely needed, however, such a proof as this of the versatility and eloquence of our excellent Bishop. Most of us are aware of his lordship's great ability, for he does not hide his talent in a napkin, and we only mention the above circumstance as supplying ourselves with a train of thought. In this connection, then, it seems to us that Bishop Fraser's excellent intention might have had more ample and practical fulfilment if it had been content to flow in a different and humbler channel. The speaker had much to urge, and said many things which were wise, and his remarks have doubtless been read all over the land with interest. It seems, therefore, almost cruelty to suggest that a quarter of an hour's unreported conversation with the authorities of the theatres should have done more real good—if good can at all be done—that any amount of oratory. In speaking thus we assume what is evident enough, that though the occasion of the mission week was chosen for the Bishop's appearance at the theatres, the Bishop's mind at the time of speaking was hardly occupied at all with the subject of the mission. It is true that a prayer was said and some hymns were sung, but these figured—with all reverence be it spoken—as the farce or the after-piece in the ordinary course of dramatic entertainment, in which pieces the principal performer, the star of the evening, plays no part. Whether or not the Bishop in the first instance had the simple intention of delivering a purely spiritual address to the players must be an open question, but in any case the result was an admirable essay on the difficult questions of stage morality and theatrical reform. We say admirable in despite of certain crudities for which, under the circumstances, all allowances can be made. Having paid great attention to both of the Bishop's addresses, we are able to say that the Bishop appeared on each occasion to be conscientiously desirous of delivering a good speech which should read well in the newspapers, and also to be most thoroughly in earnest in his deprecation of certain phases of the modern drama, which all thinking people must deplore. It was undoubtedly a bold thing in a Bishop thus to denounce iniquity in its own haunts in outspoken terms, and the experiment has been the town's talk during the past week, which would be something, even though no other results were expected to follow it. The speaker did not mince matters; his denunciations were at times fiery, though directed not against the stage itself, but the abuses thereof. He had, however, neither practical advice nor remedy to recommend to the people who officiated as audience, and the theatrical managers and other authorities were quite justified in assuming, as probably they did, that the Episcopal observations were not intended for them. The Bishop could advise actresses to refuse to undertake parts involving immodesty; he could advise the ladies of the ballet to have their petticoats lengthened, and ladies and gentlemen alike to be very careful in word and deed not to offend against morality; but all this, though interesting to listen to and read, amounts to very little indeed. There was not one among the audience who had any power of profiting by such advice as this, so that it was, as a matter of fact, thrown away. Doubtless, could the hearts of managers and dramatic authors be touched by any preaching or influence besides that of the pocket, the stage would soon be all that the Bishop so conscientiously desires to see it. Then there would be no leg pieces, scanty dresses, suggestive dialogues, immodest situations, and Sunday rehearsals. This last was a point on which the Bishop might have touched with advantage, seeing that he did not hesitate at all to tread in many other ways on the managerial corns. Perhaps Sunday rehearsals are occasionally almost unavoidable, and we do not suppose that they are especial features in the discipline of Manchester theatres; but the Bishop would have done good service in calling attention to them. After all, however, his lordship said quite enough for a man who has much on his mind, and little time in which to disburden himself; moreover, the question is a difficult one. There are few men, probably, who work harder every Sunday than the Bishop of Manchester, and we hope that he may long retain health and strength to enable him to bear the strain. The *Jackdaw* could not afford to lose him.

OLD ENGLISH BALLADS.—No. XIV.

THE translator of these ballads is quite aware that the following verses require a great deal of explanation, and he had accordingly, at great pains, prepared an elaborate commentary, which, owing to the pressure on the space of the *Jackdaw*, has to be omitted. The editor asked me if I understood the verses myself, and when I replied in the affirmative, merely said, "*If you* understand them, I am not afraid that any of the readers will fail to grasp their meaning." I do not know what he meant, but the commentary was omitted.

Papa Pius one day, since he heard people say
That the faith was in Salford receding,
Determined to send his particular friend,
Dr. Vaughan, whose fame was exceeding,
To bring the flock back to the orthodox track,
And to save from bad shepherds' misleading,
To act as eraser to heretic Fraser,
To furnish a cure for his preaching,
An antidote unto his teaching,
And by all means to show that no mortal below
Could be saved from the final perdition
Unless he'd secede from the Anglican creed,
And give in to the Pope his submission.

Now, you all will admit that no man was more fit
For the post to which Pius preferred him,
For his wits were as keen as a razor, I ween,
As you never can doubt if you've heard him;
And he had, what is rare, a most dignified air,
E'en in rags you'd a bishop inferred him,
When arrayed in his cope even Pius the Pope
Might have envied his manner of blessing
The sinners he'd just been addressing,
To whom in sweet tone he had lately made known
That their fate would be something most awful
Unless they took care of the Protestant snare,
And all things that the Church dubbed unlawful.

Now, true to his mission, he tried the elision
Of Manchester's Protestant leader;
The world was amused to hear Fraser abused
As a heretic and a seceder;
But I never did hear any person aver
That this cunning, adroit special pleader
Had made him repent of his Protestant bent,
Or had caused him to fear for his errors
By reason of Catholic terrors;
And though Vaughan would prove, by some logical move,
Bishop James's succession invalid,
Yet the harder he tried to set Fraser aside
Still the stronger the Protestants rallied.

KNITTING MACHINES, BICYCLES, SEWING MACHINES, exchanged if not approved. GREATEST REDUCTION FOR CASH. 2s. 6d. per week. W. HARRISON, 128, Portland Street, Manchester.

And of rights and of wrongs they, with hammer and tongs,
Had both of them frequently wrangled;
James made a tirade, all concerning a jade
Called the Woman in Scarlet, and angled
To catch a fine dish of the popular fish
By talking about the new-fangled
Additions pernicious and practices vicious
Introduced by her into religion,
And greatly requiring revision;
While Vaughan replied, that though Protestants tried
To improve on the Church of Saint Peter,
With their numberless creeds, each with different needs,
They would never be able to beat her.

But they both were so tough that they soon had enough
Of this not very fruitful debating,
For 'twas easy to see they would never agree,
Or convert other people by prating;
Still the fun it was rare to those people who care
To see Bishops each other a-slating,
And some did believe, though to say it I grieve,
That our Fraser came off second best,
And he often was very hard pressed;
Though he came to the scratch, he was never a match
For this wily old Roman tactician;
And though monstrously bold, Bishop Fraser, I'm told,
Nearly covered himself with derision.

For this there was reason, though perhaps it is treason
To hint that a bishop could ever
Have owed this result to some power occult,
That obstructed his every endeavour
To conquer his foe. But this Vaughan, you know,
Was a newspaper editor clever,
And it long has been known—to a proverb has grown—
That an editor's always protected,
And his enemies always corrected
By a certain old man who is under the ban
Of the Church, and whose name is old Harry,
Whose imps, as you ken, in each editor's den
With a very great profit do tarry.

Then, as *fidus Achates*, this clerical *vates*
Had one who was very much deeper
Than any who acted (and got half distracted)
As Bishop of Manchester's keeper;
Father Gadd was his name (many titles to fame
Than his have been very much cheaper);
So you now will believe that I do not deceive
In saying James hadn't much chance,
That they led him a terrible dance
Did this Vaughan and Gadd (a reflection most sad
To every true Protestant thinker),
Whose blows and whose thwacks on the Protestant backs
Caused many to swear like a tinker.

HANGING.

"WILLIAM HABRON has been sentenced to penal servitude for life because he did not murder a policeman." This is how the latest phase of this man's case reads to our mind, and we are glad to have an opportunity of commenting on the subject, because it raises a question which cannot be raised too often. In the first place, however, a word about Habron. The crime of which he was accused was a most foul one, for which no possible excuse could be found. It is not necessary to embarrass the question by assuming that it is a greater crime to kill a policeman than to kill any other man. The fact remains that a man was killed—deliberately killed in cold blood—and if Habron killed him, he did so, according to the evidence, under provocation so slight as to prove the culprit to have been an abnormally bloodthirsty monster. There can be no sympathy for Habron among those who believe him to have nursed his petty passion against a policeman, and cruelly shot him in the dark. A man, whether he be young or old, who is known to have done a deed of this kind will get no sympathy except from the mob, and not often—it is worth saying—from them. Yet the jury found Habron guilty; he was sentenced to be hanged; and Mr. Cross, on pressure from the public, commuted the sentence to penal servitude for life. This is a matter which should obtain discussion in the columns of every newspaper in a free country. Habron was either guilty or not guilty. If he was guilty, on the evidence tendered, there was no room for mercy; he ought to have been strangled, according to the law as it now stands—most unhappily and most disgracefully. If he was not guilty—and the evidence was very weak in proportion to the want of motive shown—he should have been acquitted. Thus the whole question turns entirely upon the motive for the crime. It is, according to circumstances, either justification of extreme penalty or of complete immunity. The Home Secretary, however, thinks that a middle course should be adopted. Perhaps, like Mr. Micawber, he waits for something to turn up. Life is long for a healthy young fellow of nineteen, and who knows whether the real truth may not come out some day! Much speculation and considerable study of the illogical processes of the human mind have not enabled us to solve in any other fashion this extraordinary problem which the Home Secretary has propounded for our solution. We venture to say that had there been no law of capital punishment at all, and had Habron been sentenced to whatever other punishment the law allowed, the same clamour would have been raised. What would Mr. Cross have done in that case? Would he then have commuted the sentence in order to appease the popular feeling? Mr. Cross does not seem to understand, or he ignores the fact, that he was asked to consider the case not on the ground of the severity of the sentence, but of the injustice of the verdict. As the law stands at present the *Jackdaw* would never have thought of uplifting its voice against the execution of Habron as a guilty individual. The law exists, and let it do its bloody work, only let it take care that its victims be not innocent. Many advocates of capital punishment signed petitions in favour of this man because they were convinced that the verdict was unjust. They did not object to the man being hanged, but to his suffering wrongly. Had Mr. Cross, after mature deliberation, with the judge to help him, decided not to interfere, his decision might have commanded some respect. As it is it can only be regarded as an illogical and contemptible exhibition of weakness. It is quite probable that Habron may be guilty, though we will not believe him to be so on the evidence on which he was convicted, and which alone has been made public. Mr. Cross may be acquainted with points in the case which have not been put before the public. If so, he should in justice to his own reputation publish what he knows. As it stands, however, the case is one more of those which strengthen the minds of the opponents of hanging. A law which is entrusted with the power of life and death—and there is logically no such law—should be calm, unerring, steadfast, stern, infallible, neither looking to the right nor to the left, a civilised Car of Juggernaut. Even this, we say, would be monstrous; but what is to be said of the law which is cowardly and half-abashed, at times revengeful, and at times repentant, and having about as much of the element of chance in it as a game of cribbage or all fours? Such is the spectacle too often presented by the law in England at present. What shall be said hereafter of a civilisation which perpetuates, for the sake of preserving life and property, a system under which no man's life is secure? What, also, will be the verdict on a society which argues that the means justify the end, and lets the end slip through its fingers after all? We are quite safe in saying that if capital punishment could be proved to be a useful agent we would support it to-morrow.

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AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—It is announced, with much regret, that the respected and popular Comedian,

MR. COMPTON,

Has been suffering for a lengthened period from a severe and painful malady, and is now compelled to relinquish all hopes of resuming his profession. At the earnest suggestion of many friends, private and professional,

A BENEFIT, AT THE DRURY LANE THEATRE,

Is now being organised. Mr. Chatterton, the lessee and manager, has kindly given the use of the Theatre, and the date has been fixed for Thursday Morning, March 1st, 1877.

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The programme will be published at the earliest opportunity; in the meantime it is the object of the committee to make the subscription list as large as possible. Cheques and remittances to the order of the hon. treasurer, Mr. C. W. Thompson, Guildhall, E.C., may be sent direct. A list of subscriptions received will be published from time to time in the *Era*. All inquiries, offers of assistance, co-operation, etc., should be directed to Mr. Charles Harcourt, hon. secretary, Theatre Royal, Haymarket, S.W.

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THIS CELEBRATED PICTURE, BY E. G. LEWIS,

NOW ON VIEW, at H. WHAITE'S FINE ART GALLERY,

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ADMISSION - - - - - SIXPENCE EACH.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT as the Bishop was leaving the theatres, on Friday last, the box-keepers offered him checks.

That he expressed his regret at not being able to return that night, and sit among the gods in the gallery.

That it is not true that the prompter had to prompt his lordship in the speech, "All the world's a stage."

That the hatters of Denton have gone in for a clerical cut in the make of their hats, since the recent visit of the Bishop.

That notwithstanding all the Bishop says, the cabmen prefer to drive to church rather than the public-house, as marriages and christenings pay well.

That the Manchester old Town Hall passed, on Wednesday evening, into the hands of the Jews.

That Mr. Aronsberg led off the ball in honour of the occasion.

That the Jews dance just as if they were Christians.

That the Town Clerk, who was present, was quite surprised the Jewesses did not use tambourines.

That the cheapest interest ever known to be accepted by Jews is the three per cent investment of the Hebrew Philanthropic Society in Government Bonds.

That after the hot letter of Secretary Cross about the state of the Salford police force, Captain Torrens is inclined to use his staff somewhat roughly.

That several of the councillors who voted for the title "City Hall" in recent divisions, had to eat the leek on Wednesday—at the Corporation luncheon.

That Mr. Stewart, referring to the tears of a distinguished alderman who had recanted his opinions as usual, quoted a capital parody of Byron:

"Where the love of the turtle (soup)
Now melts into sorrow."

That though Mr. Councillor Little was the last to record his vote in favour of the time-honoured name of Town Hall, he was not Least.

That the Town Clerk, in noting down the vote, observed, "The Sma'est contributions thankfully received."

THE FRUITS OF THE MISSION.

SCENE.—*Hades.* SATAN *and* JOHN BUNYAN, *meeting.*

Bunyan. Why, Satan, I never remember seeing you so dreadfully down in the mouth before; you look for all the world like a Manchester yarn agent, who can't get a commission, or some one to ask him to have a drink.

Satan. Cause enough, too.

Bunyan. I'm glad to hear it.

Let the Devil wear black, I'll go in for a suit of sables.

Truly it's a fine thing when your Satanic Majesty is in trouble. You visit us in the shades sometimes, and are always boasting of your triumphs on earth. Have you been beaten for once?

Satan. Completely. There's been a mission in that city of cotton and iniquity—Manchester.

Bunyan. Indeed, you interest me.

Satan. And I don't remember trade ever being so slack in that city since I knew it—with me. I've not got hold of a single sinner this week.

Bunyan. Then is the millenium coming?

Satan. It's come, John; it's come. Just look at this list. Here's a cotton spinner who has determined to give up over-sizing his goods; here's a grocer who has given up adulterating tea; here are five hundred milkmen who have sworn never to touch the handle of a pump again; here are two thousand shopkeepers who have given up using short weights. Oh, woe is me!

John Bunyan. Ah, the end of the world is coming.

Satan. But worse is behind. All the ballet-girls have undertaken to wear long petticoats and gaiters to please the Bishop.

John Bunyan. Ah, truly that is a hopeful sign.

Satan. Here are the tinkers.

John Bunyan. Eh! what of them?

Satan. Going to turn honest. Here's the Bishop of Manchester and the theatre managers agreeing to exchange pulpits.

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every

John Bunyan. Wonderful, most wonderful. Why, if this mission went on regularly, Satan, thy occupation would be gone.

Satan. Truly thou hast hit it, John. But do you think it can go on? Won't the elements of religious strife crop up again? Give us some little hope, John.

John Bunyan. Why, I'm afraid they will. I should like, some of these days, to do a pilgrimage through Manchester myself. I'm sadly afraid I could put my fingers on as many black spots as before—but anything that will rob you of sinners I rejoice at. Satan, it's closing time, you had better be off. [*Scene closes.*]

ODE TO FEBRUARY.

[BY A NOVICE.]

I LIKE to write about the Spring,
Because it rhymes with sing;
And that reminds me of the birds who lay
Their eggs, and that suggests the cheerful spray,
Or bough,
Which now
Is bare,
I am aware.

In February first the birds prepare
For Spring, and so they pair;
And so the month has got an interest,
Although the little birds have got no nest.
'Tis wet,
As yet,
And cold—
Love is not old.

The sparrows chirp unto their mates
Upon the tiles or slates;
It is a cheerful sound, for it suggests
The time will soon be here for sparrows' nests.
And men
Will then
Be glad,
And no more sad.

The winter is a doleful time, I ween;
The month that comes between
The Spring, and it is worthy of a song;
And though the Spring in coming may be long,
To sing
Of Spring
I pine;
Aid me, ye nine!

The muses hint that I am writing bosh,
And so their hands they wash
Of all complicity with my design;
What can I do when they are not benign?
Shut up—
A cup
Of wine;
Away, ye nine!

NEW READING OF SHAKSPERE.

Amateur Reporter [*at meeting of Infirmary trustees, speaking to friend*]. I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this that was so full of his roguery?

Friend. A gentleman that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Amateur Reporter. An' a' speak anything against me I'll take him down, an' a' were lusher than he is, and twenty such Jacks (Maclures); an' if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. [*Enter professional reporters.*]

"ROMEO AND JULIET."

IS MR. CHARLEY, M.P., TO BE PROMOTED?

SCENE.—*The Ante-room of the Salford Town Hall.* Mr. CAWLEY, M.P., *and* Mr. HARDCASTLE, M.P., *conversing.*

Mr. Cawley. I only hope it is true, for whatever one may say as to Mr. Charley's abilities, there is no doubt that he stands in my way as to popularity in the borough.

Mr. Hardcastle. I feel a little envious of him too; but I wouldn't like to see him promoted, for his promotion would cost us a good deal, to say nothing about the fear of losing the seat.

Mr. Cawley. What could the Government promote him to?

Mr. Hardcastle. Oh, they might make him Lord Chief Justice when there's a vacancy; I don't think he'd accept anything else. Hollos, here's he coming. *Enter* Mr. CHARLEY.

Mr. Cawley. Let me congratulate you.

Mr. Charley. On what?

Mr. Cawley. Ah, you sly dog; don't you feel the woolsack beneath you already?

Mr. Charley. Upon my soul, I don't know what you mean.

Mr. Hardcastle. Why, aren't you to be promoted?

Mr. Charley [*in a whisper*]. There's not been a single vacancy which the Government have had to fill up which I haven't expected to get—and if you desire to see me promoted, why you'd better talk about it in public. I'll contradict it—and you know what that means. Dizzy will be sure to accept the hint this time. [*And they did talk about it.*]

THE PRESBYTERY AND THE PRESS.

THE Presbytery of Manchester, at its meeting this week, has established its reputation for good sense. The schemes of the high fliers, which caused the *Jackdaw* so much concern a month ago, came ignominiously to grief. The fluttered hearts of many elders, deacons, and beadles, who dreaded the time when the scrutinising bull's-eye of the Rev. Mr. Reid, of Salford, should be turned upon them, have been set at rest. When the reverend gentleman first introduced his scheme it was favourably regarded by many who desire to gather into a closer communion the scattered and peeled Presbyterians of Lancashire; but as soon as it came to be understood that visitation meant something like inquisition the scheme was doomed, and on Monday Mr. Reid stood in a minority of one. Meddlesome Mr. Murray's scheme for editing the Manchester newspapers also withered up like an untimely birth. He had been understood by the Clerk, as by the *Jackdaw* and other fellow-Presbyters, at last meeting to give notice of a vote of censure on the Press for the publication of "immoral and disgusting details," which he should propose at this meeting. Nothing of the kind, says Mr. Murray. Firstly, I had not the Manchester newspapers in my mind; secondly, I did not give notice for this particular meeting, but for last meeting; thirdly, the occasion which I then had in my mind has passed away; inference and application, I do not mean to proceed with my motion. Very good, Mr. Murray; you have acted wisely. Nevertheless, in regard to your first head the *Jackdaw* is at a loss to know; if not the Manchester papers, what papers could you mean? Secondly, if you only gave notice for the same meeting at which you gave notice, and you had the power to do such a thing, a Presbytery must be liable to more irregularities than most other public bodies. For if a Presbyter can give notice that he will buttonhole his fellow-Presbyters at any time in the meeting, upon any mortal subject that he pleases, it is clear that the reverend court is at the mercy of any amiable or eccentric, and equally of any disagreeable and mischievous, crotcheteer. Nay, more, a practice so loose as that of announcing a fulmination, and then not troubling oneself to give reasons for such a fulmination, but quietly withdrawing from it at one's own convenience, might be abused to an illimitable extent. For example, take such possible proceedings as the following:—

"The Rev. W. Rigby Murray gave notice that he should call attention at a later stage of the proceedings to the professed willingness of the Rev. J. A. Gardiner to kiss the Pope's toe.

* * * * * * * *

At a later stage of the proceedings the Rev. W. R. Murray intimated that he would not proceed with his motion, inasmuch as he had a conviction that the Rev. J. A. Gardiner, in consequence of the notice having been put upon the paper, had agreed to abjure the Pope and all his works.

Meantime, the Rev. J. A. Gardiner had gone out to his library to prepare himself for a justification of his desire to kiss the Pope's toe, and when he came back was surprised to hear that there was no motion before the house."

Mr. Murray has a conviction that his muttered thunder frightened the newspaper editors so, that they have greatly amended their practice. The *Jackdaw* has equally "a conviction" that the newspaper editors thought less of Mr. Murray's thunder than the *Jackdaw* did, and we honestly avow that this was so little that the best answer to it was a squib.

description, at 66, Market Street, and 32, Victoria Street.—T. R. WITHECOMB, Proprietor.

KNOX-LITTLE VINDICATED.

As we ventured to predict before the mission began, when absurd and abusive persons raised a howl against the appointment of the Rev. Knox-Little as missioner, nothing approaching to Ritualistic teaching has been introduced into the services. This must be a great grievance to the pothouse protestants, who doubtless would rather that all sorts of dangerous doctrine should have been taught than that the ground should thus be knocked from under their feet. As it is, the only semblance of High Church practice which can have been noticed with regard to Knox-Little has been that he has been literally wearing himself out in the service of his Master. Perhaps the pothouse protestants will, for fault of any other excuse for howling, discover in this fact the mark of the Beast, and say that the Missioner is carrying out the ascetic idea of penance. We cannot expect persons of the pothouse protestant class to see good in anything which does not exactly coincide with their own unbeauteous crotchets, and we are not therefore justified in inferring from their sudden collapse and silence that they own themselves discomfited. In the meantime, penance or no penance, Mr. Knox-Little has been doing in the last fortnight an amount of earnest physical work which seems appalling to the outsider; taking it out of himself, to use a vulgar expression, so freely that, as night succeeded morn, and day succeeded day, the effect might plainly be seen of all men, written in his appearance. The mission, too, seems, as the Bishop of Manchester said, to have stirred men's hearts. The multiplied Cathedral services have been thronged, and as a practical proof of the interest taken, numbers of publicans, shopkeepers, and others, have sacrificed money by closing their places of business in busy hours of the day in order to show their sympathy with the work. Of course, this is not all Knox-Little's doing; other excellent clergymen there are who have been doing earnest and successful work, but to Knox-Little, we think, must be awarded the palm of earnestness and devotion. This is the gentleman against whose appointment insulting memorials were drawn up, signed, it is to be hoped, by many who knew no better. It is so easy to get up petitions and memorials nowadays, by reason of a profound silliness which is abroad, that pothouse protestants and other pestilent bigots and agitators have no difficulty at any time in giving a respectable air to their views. How utterly groundless was the agitation against Knox-Little, apart from illogical sectarian howling, let the events of the last two weeks testify.

FOGIE PAPERS.

[BY AN OLD FOGIE.]

ON A BOY EATING AN APPLE.

It was in the street that I saw him, and he seemed to enjoy what he was eating, and not at all to imagine that his proceedings excited any interest in the breast of any one who happened to be passing. Why should he? To his mind, probably, the apple was only a thing which was being eaten by a boy, and he himself was merely a boy eating an apple. Boys eat apples every day, and nothing comes of it if they do not eat too many, or if the fruit is rightly come by. How it comes to pass even that I have fixed upon this boy with an apple as the subject for an essay, I do not know; perhaps it was the absence of stirring local news which caused me to pounce upon that circumstance, but at all events it set me thinking. I wonder whether that boy finished the apple which I left him munching. Perhaps when he had eaten about half of it he shoved the rest into his trousers-pocket to keep warm for another occasion. I know that boys used to do this kind of thing, especially if they were interrupted in school time—interrupted, I mean, by the master with his troublesome desire to make one learn. Very likely this boy was going an errand, and could not spare the time to eat a whole apple on the road, for eating apples is a thing which I will defy any one to do when in a hurry. Apples, too, are bad for the wind. I never felt more distressed in my life than once in running away from an orchard after eating two apples—only two!—but they were large ones. The orchard did not belong to me; in plain words, I stole the apples. All boys used to steal apples in those days, and goodness me, how nice those apples were! Now, if a gentleman were to invite me into his orchard, and ask me to help myself from the trees, I should say, "No, thank you, I do not care about apples, they are a kind of fruit which I never eat; indeed, I hardly ever touch fruit of any kind." If I begin to feel virtuous and moralise, I shall very likely say to myself, "How is it that I should ever have been so fond of apples as actually to commit a crime for the sake of eating them?" I have grown virtuous now, and repent of my youthful sins, and can even make allowances. By the eating of many stolen apples I have learned the knowledge of good and evil. Should I not be ashamed now to be caught climbing a tree and filling my pockets? Of course I should; it would be a disgraceful thing for a respectable gentleman, and there would be paragraphs in all the newspapers; but if ever I was caught stealing apples, say, thirty years ago, it wasn't the disgrace which I took to heart, oh, no, it was the farmer's big stick and his dog, and possibly the chastisement at home; but it never entered my head to be ashamed of stealing apples until I left off stealing them, and the reason I left off stealing them was, I am afraid, because I lost my appetite for apples. I might now, perhaps, eat a quarter of one at dessert, after a dinner party, with the peel off, but the taste is altogether different, though it is not very easy to remember what stolen apples taste like. I have only a general idea that the flavour was delicious. Now, these confessions may be considered too frank, but I decline to believe that as a boy I was worse than other boys. If Adam had been placed in the Garden of Eden when he was a boy, which of course he never was, I am quite sure that he would have had the first bite at the apple. He wouldn't have waited for any serpent or any Eve to tempt him; but if I get on to Adam and Eve I can see that this essay will never come to an end—at least, not without transgressing the allotted limits. So I will return to the boy; but while I am musing the boy has vanished, apple and all, and I wend my way homewards.

EPISODES IN THE MISSION.

SCENE I.—*The cabmen's meeting. Cabman, with a black patch on his eye, conversing with some of his fellows.*

Black Patch. Oh, yes, I know the Bishop extremely well. I used to drive him home often when he lived in Cheetham Hill.

Cabman No. 1. Was he liberal to you?

Black Patch. Not often; but I liked him for all that.

Cabman No. 2. Why?

Black Patch. Why, because he was so simple. I used to palm a threepenny bit for a fourpenny bit upon him every Saturday night.

Cabman No. 1. And didn't he find it out?

Black Patch. Find it out, no! how could he?—he always dropped it into the plate on the Sunday morning. Bishop nods to me now.

SCENE II.—*The hatters' meeting, at Denton. The* Bishop *addressing hatters and their wives.*

The Bishop. Well, now, what you want in Denton is light. You haven't many lamps in Denton. We have plenty in the Bury New Road. I have sometimes measured the distances of the lamps as I was going home.

Hatter [to his wife]. So have I, Nell, after I've been at a pigeon match; they're capital things to hold on by.

The Bishop. On a stormy night the lamps seem very far apart; I can only see one at a time; that's quite enough when one's been out to dinner.

Hatter [to his wife]. I oftener see two than one when I go out to dinner. Eh, lass, but the Bishop's a man of the world, or he couldn't describe things so exactly.

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MORAL SONG.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

YOU should not pull the tails of dogs,
Or idle time employ
In throwing stones at harmless frogs,
Or pelting toads, my boy.

You should not steal the pretty eggs
Of little harmless birds;
You should not pinch off spiders' legs;
You should not use bad words.

You should not spread your cobbler's wax
Upon your comrades' stools,
To tear the trousers off their backs,
And make them look like fools.

You should not take your master's cane
And split it with a hair;
You should not cause your Auntie pain
By hiding her back hair.

Quicksilver you should never shove,
When no one's there to look,
Into the pot of peas, my love,
To aggravate the cook.

For if you do, my boy, those peas
Will up the chimney fly;
But if you practice tricks like these,
I'll know the reason why.

And will they really——? Yes, they will.
How do I know? Ahem!
My child, I had some comrades ill,
'Twas told to me by them.

And was I good? How can you ask?
Of course I was, my dear;
But now we will resume our task,
So to my words give ear.

You should not tease the pussy cat
In any sort of way,
Which lies and purrs upon the mat—
Just notice what I say.

Especially I beg to state—
Now heed me—you must not,
Just for amusement, decorate
Her whiskers with split shot.

What fun! My child, it may be fun
To him who does the trick,
But half distracted she will run
About the room, and kick.

And then you'll see her shake her nose,
And gallop round, and snort;
'Tis proper fun, you may suppose,
And most delightful sport.

That is—ahem!—I should have said
That, if I catch you at
Such tricks, you shall be sent to bed
For treating so the cat.

And was I sent——? Impertinence
Is what I won't allow;
My boy, I'll confiscate your pence
Until a week from now.

Some more instruction for your mind
Meantime I will devise;
In you, perhaps, I then shall find
More yearning to be wise.

NOW READY, Vol. I. of the *City Jackdaw* (bound in cloth); price, 6s. 6d.

JEWS AND CHRISTIANS.

A "JEWISH resident in the parish of St. Luke's" writes to the papers with a very frivolous complaint, which has reference to what he calls the insult offered to Jews by Christians in issuing placards and advertisements with reference to special services for Jews. He says:—

"I can scarcely see how a Jew could be expected to listen to a sermon given by one who is considered by us an apostate from his faith. We are always very glad to hear of any means adopted by our Christian neighbours for their social and moral improvement, be it 'revival,' 'mission,' or any other method. We are essentially a non-proselytising sect, and surely our request to be 'let alone' by other sects should command their respect. Does it ever occur to a Christian mind that a man can be a Jew and still be quite happy and content, and that Judaism is as dear to a Jew—nay, dearer, for how many centuries of persecution have we not endured for our religion!—as Christianity is to a Christian?"

He also urges that the Jews as a community are conspicuous for many virtues—such as charity, honesty, and sobriety. This is probably true enough, and if the Jews are not always honest in their dealings with Christians that is usually the fault of the latter. But this "Jewish resident" looks at the matter from a wrong standpoint. What is the use of a Jew being charitable if he is not a Christian? What advantage is it to him to be sober, to fear God, to be chaste and upright if he is not a Christian? It is true that the Jews support their own poor, and provide against destitution in the community, but then they are not Christians! That is the proper way to look at it. The desire of earnest and pious Christians to convert the Jews is not because they are wicked, but because they are Jews. The "Jewish resident" must therefore see that he is in the wrong, and when he reflects that Christians who are drunken, dishonest, and unchaste are usually let alone to do what they like, he will discern still further evidence of the singleness of purpose among proselytising Christians.

THE COMPTON BENEFIT.

THE programme for the Compton benefit, at Drury Lane, is a study calculated to make the mouth of the playgoer to water. On it we find inscribed almost every name of note in the profession. Glancing down the caste of the council scene from "Othello," for instance, we find such names as Mead, Chippendale, Wigan, Creswick, Ryder, and Cavendish. Neville, Hare, Webster, Farren, Bancroft, Wilton, Terry, and Robertson figure in the first act of "Money." Then, in Morton's farce of "Lend Me Five Shillings," we have Jefferson, Billington, and others—Mr. Jefferson's name alone being attraction enough to fill a theatre, as he acts, for the first time in London, out of the character which he has made his own. Further on we have Phelps and Hermann Vezin in a scene from the "Man of the World," a dramatic treat hardly to be estimated. Again, there is the last act of the "Critic," with Byron, Buckstone, Mathews, Chippendale, Brough, Edouin, Mellon, and a host of other names already mentioned; and the whole concludes with "Trial by Jury," wherein to mention the bridesmaids' names alone, we find figuring as supernumeraries Miss Carlotta Addison, Kate Bishop, Fanny Josephs, Rachel Sanger, Marion Terry, Kate Vaughan, and other ladies of distinction in the profession too numerous to be mentioned. Mr. J. D. Stoyle, Mr. Howard Paul, and Mr. J. G. Taylor are of the jury, and are in good company too; while the judge, whom Mr. Taylor so well depicted in Manchester, is undertaken by Mr. George Honey. Mr. Arthur Cecil is the Usher of the Court, and Mr. W. H. Cummings the Defendant. In the history of the modern stage no more touching programme than this has been issued, and, it may be added, no theatrical occasion has ever drawn together a more distinguished company of artists. Talent and beauty seem literally to have crowded into the genial service, and to have been satisfied with taking any position, however humble, on the stage.

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KNOX-LITTLE VINDICATED.

As we ventured to predict before the mission began, when absurd and abusive persons raised a howl against the appointment of the Rev. Knox-Little as missioner, nothing approaching to Ritualistic teaching has been introduced into the services. This must be a great grievance to the pothouse protestants, who doubtless would rather that all sorts of dangerous doctrine should have been taught than that the ground should thus be knocked from under their feet. As it is, the only semblance of High Church practice which can have been noticed with regard to Knox-Little has been that he has been literally wearing himself out in the service of his Master. Perhaps the pothouse protestants will, for fault of any other excuse for howling, discover in this fact the mark of the Beast, and say that the Missioner is carrying out the ascetic idea of penance. We cannot expect persons of the pothouse protestant class to see good in anything which does not exactly coincide with their own unbeauteous crotchets, and we are not therefore justified in inferring from their sudden collapse and silence that they own themselves discomfited. In the meantime, penance or no penance, Mr. Knox-Little has been doing in the last fortnight an amount of earnest physical work which seems appalling to the outsider; taking it out of himself, to use a vulgar expression, so freely that, as night succeeded morn, and day succeeded day, the effect might plainly be seen of all men, written in his appearance. The mission, too, seems, as the Bishop of Manchester said, to have stirred men's hearts. The multiplied Cathedral services have been thronged, and as a practical proof of the interest taken, numbers of publicans, shopkeepers, and others, have sacrificed money by closing their places of business in busy hours of the day in order to show their sympathy with the work. Of course, this is not all Knox-Little's doing; other excellent clergymen there are who have been doing earnest and successful work, but to Knox-Little, we think, must be awarded the palm of earnestness and devotion. This is the gentleman against whose appointment insulting memorials were drawn up, signed, it is to be hoped, by many who knew no better. It is so easy to get up petitions and memorials nowadays, by reason of a profound silliness which is abroad, that pothouse protestants and other pestilent bigots and agitators have no difficulty at any time in giving a respectable air to their views. How utterly groundless was the agitation against Knox-Little, apart from illogical sectarian howling, let the events of the last two weeks testify.

FOGIE PAPERS.

[BY AN OLD FOGIE.]

ON A BOY EATING AN APPLE.

It was in the street that I saw him, and he seemed to enjoy what he was eating, and not at all to imagine that his proceedings excited any interest in the breast of any one who happened to be passing. Why should he? To his mind, probably, the apple was only a thing which was being eaten by a boy, and he himself was merely a boy eating an apple. Boys eat apples every day, and nothing comes of it if they do not eat too many, or if the fruit is rightly come by. How it comes to pass even that I have fixed upon this boy with an apple as the subject for an essay, I do not know; perhaps it was the absence of stirring local news which caused me to pounce upon that circumstance, but at all events it set me thinking. I wonder whether that boy finished the apple which I left him munching. Perhaps when he had eaten about half of it he shoved the rest into his trousers-pocket to keep warm for another occasion. I know that boys used to do this kind of thing, especially if they were interrupted in school time—interrupted, I mean, by the master with his troublesome desire to make one learn. Very likely this boy was going an errand, and could not spare the time to eat a whole apple on the road, for eating apples is a thing which I will defy any one to do when in a hurry. Apples, too, are bad for the wind. I never felt more distressed in my life than once in running away from an orchard after eating two apples—only two!—but they were large ones. The orchard did not belong to me; in plain words, I stole the apples. All boys used to steal apples in those days, and goodness me, how nice those apples were! Now, if a gentleman were to invite me into his orchard, and ask me to help myself from the trees, I should say, "No, thank you. I do not care about apples, they are a kind of fruit which I never eat; indeed, I hardly ever touch fruit of any kind." If I begin to feel virtuous and moralise, I shall very likely say to myself, "How is it that I should ever have been so fond of apples as actually to commit a crime for the sake of eating them?" I have grown virtuous now, and repent of my youthful sins, and can even make allowances. By the eating of many stolen apples I have learned the knowledge of good and evil. Should I not be ashamed now to be caught climbing a tree and filling my pockets? Of course I should; it would be a disgraceful thing for a respectable gentleman, and there would be paragraphs in all the newspapers; but if ever I was caught stealing apples, say, thirty years ago, it wasn't the disgrace which I took to heart, oh, no, it was the farmer's big stick and his dog, and possibly the chastisement at home; but it never entered my head to be ashamed of stealing apples until I left off stealing them, and the reason I left off stealing them was, I am afraid, because I lost my appetite for apples. I might now, perhaps, eat a quarter of one at dessert, after a dinner party, with the peel off, but the taste is altogether different, though it is not very easy to remember what stolen apples taste like. I have only a general idea that the flavour was delicious. Now, these confessions may be considered too frank, but I decline to believe that as a boy I was worse than other boys. If Adam had been placed in the Garden of Eden when he was a boy, which of course he never was, I am quite sure that he would have had the first bite at the apple. He wouldn't have waited for any serpent or any Eve to tempt him; but if I get on to Adam and Eve I can see that this essay will never come to an end—at least, not without transgressing the allotted limits. So I will return to the boy; but while I am musing the boy has vanished, apple and all, and I wend my way homewards.

EPISODES IN THE MISSION.

SCENE I.—*The cabmen's meeting. Cabman, with a black patch on his eye, conversing with some of his fellows.*

Black Patch. Oh, yes, I know the Bishop extremely well. I used to drive him home often when he lived in Cheetham Hill.

Cabman No. 1. Was he liberal to you?

Black Patch. Not often; but I liked him for all that.

Cabman No. 2. Why?

Black Patch. Why, because he was so simple. I used to palm a threepenny bit for a fourpenny bit upon him every Saturday night.

Cabman No. 1. And didn't he find it out?

Black Patch. Find it out, no! how could he?—he always dropped it into the plate on the Sunday morning. Bishop nods to me now.

SCENE II.—*The hatters' meeting, at Denton. The* Bishop *addressing hatters and their wives.*

The Bishop. Well, now, what you want in Denton is light. You haven't many lamps in Denton. We have plenty in the Bury New Road. I have sometimes measured the distances of the lamps as I was going home.

Hatter [to his wife]. So have I, Nell, after I've been at a pigeon match; they're capital things to hold on by.

The Bishop. On a stormy night the lamps seem very far apart; I can only see one at a time; that's quite enough when one's been out to dinner.

Hatter [to his wife]. I oftener see two than one when I go out to dinner. Eh, lass, but the Bishop's a man of the world, or he couldn't describe things so exactly.

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MORAL SONG.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

YOU should not pull the tails of dogs,
Or idle time employ
In throwing stones at harmless frogs,
Or pelting toads, my boy.

You should not steal the pretty eggs
Of little harmless birds;
You should not pinch off spiders' legs;
You should not use bad words.

You should not spread your cobbler's wax
Upon your comrades' stools,
To tear the trousers off their backs,
And make them look like fools.

You should not take your master's cane
And split it with a hair;
You should not cause your Auntie pain
By hiding her back hair.

Quicksilver you should never shove,
When no one's there to look,
Into the pot of peas, my love,
To aggravate the cook.

For if you do, my boy, those peas
Will up the chimney fly;
But if you practice tricks like these,
I'll know the reason why.

And will they really ——? Yes, they will.
How do I know? Ahem!
My child, I had some comrades ill,
'Twas told to me by them.

And was I good? How can you ask?
Of course I was, my dear;
But now we will resume our task,
So to my words give ear.

You should not tease the pussy cat
In any sort of way,
Which lies and purrs upon the mat—
Just notice what I say.

Especially I beg to state—
Now heed me—you must not,
Just for amusement, decorate
Her whiskers with split shot.

What fun! My child, it may be fun
To him who does the trick,
But half distracted she will run
About the room, and kick.

And then you'll see her shake her nose,
And gallop round, and snort;
'Tis proper fun, you may suppose,
And most delightful sport.

That is—ahem!—I should have said
That, if I catch you at
Such tricks, you shall be sent to bed
For treating so the cat.

And was I sent ——? Impertinence
Is what I won't allow;
My boy, I'll confiscate your pence
Until a week from now.

Some more instruction for your mind
Meantime I will devise;
In you, perhaps, I then shall find
More yearning to be wise.

NOW READY, Vol. I. of the *City Jackdaw* (bound in cloth); price, 6s. 6d.

JEWS AND CHRISTIANS.

A "JEWISH resident in the parish of St. Luke's" writes to the papers with a very frivolous complaint, which has reference to what he calls the insult offered to Jews by Christians in issuing placards and advertisements with reference to special services for Jews. He says:—

"I can scarcely see how a Jew could be expected to listen to a sermon given by one who is considered by us an apostate from his faith. We are always very glad to hear of any means adopted by our Christian neighbours for their social and moral improvement, be it 'revival,' 'mission,' or any other method. We are essentially a non-proselytising sect, and surely our request to be 'let alone' by other sects should command their respect. Does it ever occur to a Christian mind that a man can be a Jew and still be quite happy and content, and that Judaism is as dear to a Jew—nay, dearer, for how many centuries of persecution have we not endured for our religion!—as Christianity is to a Christian?"

He also urges that the Jews as a community are conspicuous for many virtues—such as charity, honesty, and sobriety. This is probably true enough, and if the Jews are not always honest in their dealings with Christians that is usually the fault of the latter. But this "Jewish resident" looks at the matter from a wrong standpoint. What is the use of a Jew being charitable if he is not a Christian? What advantage is it to him to be sober, to fear God, to be chaste and upright if he is not a Christian? It is true that the Jews support their own poor, and provide against destitution in the community, but then they are not Christians! That is the proper way to look at it. The desire of earnest and pious Christians to convert the Jews is not because they are wicked, but because they are Jews. The "Jewish resident" must therefore see that he is in the wrong, and when he reflects that Christians who are drunken, dishonest, and unchaste are usually let alone to do what they like, he will discern still further evidence of the singleness of purpose among proselytising Christians.

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THE programme for the Compton benefit, at Drury Lane, is a study calculated to make the mouth of the playgoer to water. On it we find inscribed almost every name of note in the profession. Glancing down the caste of the council scene from "Othello," for instance, we find such names as Mead, Chippendale, Wigan, Creswick, Ryder, and Cavendish. Neville, Hare, Webster, Farren, Bancroft, Wilton, Terry, and Robertson figure in the first act of "Money." Then, in Morton's farce of "Lend Me Five Shillings," we have Jefferson, Billington, and others—Mr. Jefferson's name alone being attraction enough to fill a theatre, as he acts, for the first time in London, out of the character which he has made his own. Further on we have Phelps and Hermann Vezin in a scene from the "Man of the World," a dramatic treat hardly to be estimated. Again, there is the last act of the "Critic," with Byron, Buckstone, Mathews, Chippendale, Brough, Edouin, Mellon, and a host of other names already mentioned; and the whole concludes with "Trial by Jury," wherein to mention the bridesmaids' names alone, we find figuring as supernumeraries Miss Carlotta Addison, Kate Bishop, Fanny Josephs, Rachel Sanger, Marion Terry, Kate Vaughan, and other ladies of distinction in the profession too numerous to be mentioned. Mr. J. D. Stoyle, Mr. Howard Paul, and Mr. J. G. Taylor are of the jury, and are in good company too; while the judge, whom Mr. Taylor so well depicted in Manchester, is undertaken by Mr. George Honey. Mr. Arthur Cecil is the Usher of the Court, and Mr. W. H. Cummings the Defendant. In the history of the modern stage no more touching programme than this has been issued, and, it may be added, no theatrical occasion has ever drawn together a more distinguished company of artists. Talent and beauty seem literally to have crowded into the genial service, and to have been satisfied with taking any position, however humble, on the stage.

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NOTES IN THE CITY COUNCIL.

THERE was a full meeting of the City Council on Wednesday—not a single member absent—a fact unprecedented in living memory. It was understood that after the meeting a luncheon should be given to all good councillors who should attend, but this may not have been the reason why so many were present. Perhaps they came to claim their seats in the new chamber—for, be it noted, this was the day of taking possession—the first meeting in the new Council-chamber. Rumour says that the councillors met a little after ten on the old Town Hall steps, and sang in chorus an adaptation from the Princess of Trebizonde, "Farewell, old Hall!" composed for the occasion by Mr. Alderman Booth. The Mayor has been very ill for a week—confined to his bedroom with inflammation of the eye and severe cold—but he came out with his usual pluck, and sat out the meeting, though his voice was weak and tremulous, and the black velvet skull-cap he wore, and the bandage over his eye, gave him rather the appearance of a battered veteran. In this light Mr. Alderman Heywood himself seemed to regard his position, for in his speech he showed an even greater than usual garrulousness, and a desire quite needlessly to fight his battles o'er again, and show how the fights of former days were won. Sir Joseph Heron, too, received an ovation. He has been to Rome, and the councillors seemed mightily relieved to find that he has returned as good a Protestant as ever.—The civilising effects of Mr. Waterhouse's art, which has constructed for the Corporation a magnificent chamber, does not appear so far to have much mollified the manners, or curtailed the ferocity, of the common councillors. Mr. J. Fox Turner, in a speech which alternated curiously between the broadest comic and the most grave denunciatory, sought to impale the Bishop of Manchester and Captain Palin's police on the horns of a dilemma. The Bishop, Mr. Fox Turner said, has indulged in soft dalliance with the force; he has altogether blessed them. The Bishop equally has declared that the streets of Manchester near London Road Station are so infested with harpies, male and female, that no respectable girl can run the gauntlet of them with safety. *Ergo*, either the police must be to blame, or the Bishop must have been misinformed. Mr. Fox Turner rather leant to the latter supposition, apparently concurring with the *Jackdaw* in a very hearty distrust of the Bishop's "familiar." In fact, said the Corporation joker wittily, the Bishop is so often told that he might be a church bell as well as a church dignitary. His suggestion seems to be, still further to adapt Tom Hood's exquisite pun, that the process by which Dr. Fraser acquires the curious *olla podrida* of information, which from time to time he ladles out upon the unfortunate heads of his hearers is this—that some officious person has first gone and told the sexton, in the person of Mr. Hugh Birley, Mr. Oliver Heywood, or some member of the Diocesan Church Building Society, and the sexton has tolled—the Bishop. Mr. Turner did not take much by his inquiry as to the relations of the Bishop, the police, and the harpies, beyond putting excellent Mr. Alderman Lamb into a passion. Mr. Lamb mint-sauced the irreverent wag, who had dared to speak evil of dignitaries very roundly, telling him that his speech was a disgrace, and hinting that he had some difficulty in sitting even in a gilded chamber with such a person, all which Mr. Fox Turner was pachydermatous enough to look upon as rather good fun.

The event of the first meeting of the city godfathers and godmothers in their new hall was to decide what name they should give it in its christening. Probably the gentle reader has heard enough of this thread-bare and thrashed-out subject, and we cordially sympathise with the honest wish of such an one to get to the result, which was very satisfactory, being a majority of 35 to 23 in favour of the time-honoured name of Town Hall. It may be asked why only 58 out of the 64 councillors present at an earlier part of the debate stayed to vote. Well, some, like Mr. Muirhead, were so much disgusted with the whole concern that they would not condescend to touch it with a pair of tongs; or, like Mr. Harwood, were so supremely indifferent as to the result that they could only regard the debate as tolerable in so far as it afforded them an opportunity of assuming a high moral standpoint, and therefrom lecturing their fellow-councillors at large. A similarly superfine view of the situation was taken by the eclectic Mr. Rowley, who occupied a quarter of an hour in saying that the discussion was a waste of time, and compared it with the dispute which, he said, nearly rent the kingdom of Lilliput in twain on the question at which end a boiled egg should be broken. By the way, Mr. Rowley electrified the Council by announcing that he had discovered this interesting historical fact in a book of travels, *written by a gentleman named Gulliver*. This was nearly as refreshing as Mr. Maclure's profession of indifference about the quotation of French and other dead languages, which still ekes out a pause in dinner-table talk, especially among Liberal circles. Such exquisite displays of naiveté go far to make life in Manchester tolerable, even in a rainy season that threatens to become chronic.—No, we shall not enter into any remarks upon the debate save to hail a brother humorist in Mr. Stewart, who is becoming quite a genial cynic, though he is awfully down upon Mr. Alderman Patteson. Twice on Wednesday he smote him hip and thigh with practical witticisms, which have a pungent flavour all his own. For example, there appears in a certain section of the Council an unaccountable repugnance to Mr. Lovett Reade as a colleague, even on the Nuisance Committee, which is the lowest rung of the Corporation ladder. Mr. Patteson, who is generally so grave and dignified, and speaks so high up in the air that his remarks do not as a rule reach the level of common councillors, took, as usual, a very lofty tone, and reminded the Council that they owed it to the large ward Mr. Reade represented to appoint him on some committees. This is undoubtedly the correct constitutional view as one might expect from Mr. Alderman Patteson. But there is a personal side to the highest and dryest constitutionalism, and Mr. Stewart very quickly made a spicy application in this case by suggesting that if Mr. Patteson wished to compliment Mr. Reade he should nominate him on the Waterworks or Improvement Committee, and raise him at once to the *haut ton* which Mr. Patteson himself has attained. A second time Mr. Alderman Patteson joined with Mr. Schofield, who, perhaps, rivals his claim to be the most superior person in the Corporation, in an appeal not to convert the first meeting in the gilded chamber into a bear-garden by the discussion of the special business of the meeting, lest it should provoke bitterness of feeling and spoil the appetite for lunch. "Not at all," happily retorted Mr. Stewart, a valiant trencherman, whose stomach is not readily turned, and who knows, moreover, that a dash of bitters before a meal is rather a good appetiser than otherwise. If there is bitterness it must come out some time, and never better than before a jolly good lunch, where we shall soon forget our playful differences and "brithers be for a' that." Only one word concerning the debate we will say, and we do it all the more heartily that it affords us an opportunity of doing justice to a doughty political opponent. Altogether the best speech of the debate was uttered by Mr. Croston, though it was perhaps a trifle too long. His chaff of Mr. Alderman Murray, Mr. Alderman Grundy, and Mr. Joseph Thompson, as being so enamoured of the Episcopate, that they would be content with no name for the building save that which was peculiar to a Bishop's See, was very neat and effective.

Before finishing these random notes, may we make one practical suggestion to the architect, Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, upon whom so many deserved compliments were heaped on Wednesday. The councillors get very useful aid in making their views publicly known from the Press. Now, by Mr. Waterhouse's artful device the sweet-recording cherubs, who sit up aloft to watch over the grammar of the debaters below, are completely isolated from the Chamber. Our suggestion to Mr. Waterhouse is that each reporter should be furnished with rod and line, with suitable hooks attached, by which he may be enabled to fish up needed documents from under the nose of Mr. Wrigley, the committee clerk. A good salmon-rod in the hands of a skilful fly-fisher might even enable one to make a cast to the far end of the Chamber, in the event of a

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manuscript by Ab-o'-th'-Yate being available. This is a kind of fishing which we opine might be successful without the use of bait or lure of any kind. Several of the councillors exhibited great concern while the meeting was going on, lest the reporters should not be able to hear all the speeches that were made. Oddly enough, the reporters did not seem to share or sympathise with the general sense of the misfortune under which they were supposed to labour.

MANCHESTER ATHENÆUM MEETING.

THE recent election of directors at the Athenæum, rightly considered, is a victory of truth and common sense over mendacious slander. The general public, whom the subject never really concerned at all, have through the columns of the daily press been made pretty familiar with the point at issue—whether in future the Lecture and Debating Society should, as heretofore, enjoy entire freedom of speech, or whether the members of this now famous Society shall only discuss such historical questions as the characters of Queen Elizabeth and her much-married father, Henry the Eighth, or continue to settle annually the vexed question of Oliver Cromwell's claim to the admiration of posterity, or periodically determine if King Charles the First was the Blessed Martyr the Book of Common Prayer used to call him. No doubt, familiarity with the history of these high personages has bred contempt in us, but we incline to the opinion that there was a time when the Stutters of the period may not have "said pretty much as they pleased" about the "historical aspect" of these questions. An annual meeting at the Athenæum without Mr. Stutter to the front, with an irrelevant resolution, speech, or instruction, is a mercy not vouchsafed for many years past; but though Mr. Stutter cannot be said now to possess the ardour of youth, and rarely exhibits in the Athenæum the enthusiasm that at one time distinguished his utterances, he has in this recent affair imbued with his wisdom and policy on one follower of congenial mind in the person of Mr. William Hill, jun., who is of the susceptible age of twenty-two years, and who for about as many months has been an obscure, undistinguished member. Nevertheless, under the able tuition and direction of his mentor, he deemed himself fully qualified to stand forth and admonish gentlemen who had been directors of the institution almost before "William Hill, jun.," had cut his teeth. The meeting soon guaged the sincerity and ability of their self-elected champion, and gave him but scant sympathy; indeed, few present seemed to know him, and still fewer appreciated the forbearance and magnanimity with which he assured the meeting "he did not want to have an entirely new board." He sat down, and the neophyte was soon forgotten. Mr. A. W. Thomas, the versatile knight, who, with his bright lance seldom at rest, defends the board and praises with great zest and earnestness the men who have so much improved in the last three years, and promises unconditionally his support, and in a few minutes after stated he had changed his mind, and should "have great pleasure in supporting the amendment." If this was due to the didactic eloquence of Mr. Patrick, there is a future in store for him hitherto unsuspected by us. The senior vice-president, Mr. A. E. Fitzgerald, occupied the chair. He looked at times uncomfortable, and his lips moved as if praying for the speedy recovery of Mr. Ogden. Of course, it was out of the question to suppose the board could, or would, allow their report to be mutilated; and when Mr. Slagg rose to reply to the four or five members who for peace and quietness wished to drop the Freeman paragraph, by his firm, manly, and straightforward manner he very soon scattered the faint hopes of the juveniles, and without in the least sacrificing his own dignity or that of the board gave such a clear and succinct account of his connection with the lecture that cheer after cheer told how thoroughly the members agreed with him, and when he sat down the bright and animated faces of the gentlemen on the platform foretold the morrow's victory. The meeting concluded in good humour, and the treasurer would carry off the honorary secretary to the Conservative Club, just, as he said, to prove after all that his resolution did conclude with a toast, which was—

Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks.

THE THEATRES.

IT being now impossible to write anything new about the pantomimes, gratitude is due to the Bishop of Manchester, whose first appearance on any stage, announced in our amusement column last week, furnishes copy from the Theatre Royal and the Prince's. A detailed criticism of his lordship's performance appears elsewhere, so that the Queen's alone remains to be dealt with here. Matters at this theatre have lately taken quite a sprightly turn, and a proportionate improvement in the "houses" is noticed. "Dred," a tale of the dismal swamp, belies its name by being a very lively performance. Mr. W. G. Herwyn, with his face blacked, enacts the hero in admirable fashion, "herding with snakes and alligators" in the most appropriate fashion, and committing the assassinations and other acts of justifiable homicide allotted to his part with a coolness and dexterity which bring down the house on each occasion. Mr. Herwyn is indeed at home in all sorts of characters, and by reason of being recognisable under all possible disguises is always popular. Under the present conditions he is exceptionally entertaining. His get-up is a work of art, and he enters so thoroughly into the spirit of his work that the story of Dickens's actor who blacked himself all over to play Othello is forcibly recalled. He does, in fact, present a very accurate portrait of a negro, in a piece in which the absurdity of supposing him to represent a sweep is easily apparent. Seriously, however, Mr. Herwyn does very well in this part. Mr. A. Raymond, as Uncle Tiff, gives a pretty and pathetic picture of character, displaying considerable ability. Mr. Noel Austin and Miss Wilmott both do good service, and the whole piece is very entertaining. The play is followed by Byron's burlesque of "Ali Baba; or, the Thirty-nine Thieves," which is well mounted and put on the stage, some new scenery being supplied. In this Mr. A. Raymond is exceedingly amusing as Ali Baba, while as Cassim Mr. Harry Cornwall causes considerable fun. Messrs. Freeland and others are equal to the occasion. Of the ladies, Miss D'Elmar, who has a suitable and picturesque costume, is vivacious and modest, being an indefatigable worker, and always full of resource and fun. Natural cleverness and a fine flow of spirits are this young lady's credentials, and we are always sorry to see them smothered in melodrama and sour tragedy. Tragedy, on the other hand, is Miss Wilmott's forte, and though as Morgiana she does her best to be sprightly, and very often succeeds, the effort is sometimes too plainly apparent. Miss Nellie Sparks has a good figure and pleasing appearance, but the acquisition of experience in elocution is a result which is seldom gained without many lessons off the stage, and the process of acquiring experience on the boards is apt to tire the audience very much and do the pupil no good. The present performance at the Queen's is to be recommended as being of a thoroughly healthy character, unless we are to banish laughter from the stage altogether—a reform of which we are glad to see even the Bishop does not approve. By-the-by, could not the management do something to amend the chronic state of confusion on the printed programmes? At present the audiences are continually bewildered, and it is difficult for the critic to write with any security from error. The caste is not often correctly denoted, and this week, for instance, when we ought to find ourselves in "a dense wood near a swamp," we are flabbergasted by being stranded in a nondescript apartment which might, according to imagination, do duty for anything from a drawing-room to a back-kitchen.

OWING to pressure on our space, we are compelled to hold over our notice of Miss Thompson's picture, "Balaclava," now exhibited by Mr. W. E. Hamer in the Royal Institution.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

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